

(FYLE.)

not as an actress of definite roles, that Marie Cahill has made her way with her husband, Daniel V. Arthur, as a business partner. She has several songs of a kind with that of Susie Brown's trip to town which bounced her into renown a dozen years ago; also stretches of talk replete with repartee; and additionally she dances in a Judy two-step that indicates a two-fold purpose of proving her ability to caper nimbly though fat and working off some of that same fat. In a first-rate monologue, she is modish in a box at the grand opera. Good voices give arias from "Il Trovatore" off stage. She talks to a companion in utter disregard of the operatic celebrities, gossips about them and persons in other boxes, applauds inappropriately, annoys her neighbors and finally is requested to get out, the four minutes of interpolation being one of her good contributions.

More than any of the earlier Cahill plays, "Judy Forgot" is a full-size show in the extravaganza class, with prettiness dominant, instead of grotesquery. The comedians are "light" rather than "low;" and Truly Shattuck has chances to resemble Lillian Russell, while Ethel Johnson dances several times like a plump-bodied beauty with the light-winged feet of Mercury. For an exhibition of the ballet-chorus there is a "society circus" with girls for trained horses in the ring. With tossed heads, curbed necks and arms and legs flung high and wide for the four limbs of skittish steeds. These fair bipeds went through the stunts of spirited quadrupeds. It was a charming display of girls' grace where men would have been nauseously foolish.

Two of the new plays here are alike examples of the b'gosh drama; yet so dissimilar that I hardly can imagine a person liking one and not disliking the other. It does not matter which entertained me most. But if it had been the tender pathos of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I am sure I would have regarded the turbulence of "The Deacon and the Lady" as too frivolous to be borne. However, I won't deny that the rustic deacon and the smart lady gave to me an evening of careless merriment, nor did I find Rebecca maudlin or mawkish. Isn't it more agreeable to look for the reasons why one audience goes on Rebecca and another on Deacon Flood?

Kate Douglas Wiggin delighted so many people with her first story of Rebecca "mortgaged" to her aunts that she kept on writing about the girl. Now those readers may see Rebecca prettily visualized by a sweet and naive Edith Taliaferro, a little sister of Mabel Taliaferro-Thompson. If one finds Rebecca a bit more convincing in the last act of the play, when she is seventeen, than in the first, when she is fourteen, one still does not have to stretch credulity to believe in the youth at the beginning. For Edith Taliaferro is in fact no more than seventeen; and that stage license allows an actress to pretend to be some years less than her actual age is a fact that Lillian Russell can tell you.

Rebecca of the books was a gentle, lovely little girl, but in the play her patient sweetness is such as to make Mrs. Stowe's Little Eva and Dickens's Little Nell seem able to cope with Simon Legree and Daniel Quilp. When she is about to do an especially kindly act, she drops her eyes and apologizes; and if anyone tries to thank her for saving the old farm, or for inducing the drunken father of "me child" to marry the wronged mother, Rebecca simply shudders with saltly shyness. The play, as made from the stories by Mrs. Wiggin herself and Charlotte Thompson, the old-time actress, is admirable. It is a series of incidents rather than a drama at all. Readers of the books are glad to recognize old friends; so what's the odds if the scenes are as disconnected as uncumulative as "The Old Homestead" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Chapters are dragged in apropos of nothing and dropped without more excuse. The many audiences that "Rebecca of

Sunnybrook Farm" will draw won't be of the sort customary in Broadway and will know and care little about dramatic construction, so long as the play incites them to gentle laughter and gentler tears.

As for the people who laugh at "The Deacon and the Lady," they are more apt to guffaw than

to giggle. Did you see Harry Kelly as Deacon Flood in "His Honor the Mayor?" If yes you surely wanted to get more of the solemn, perky, guileless countryman. Here you can do it. Rarely in musical comedy has a role been more humorously and graphically depicted. In this piece—written by George Totten Smith, with tuneful, un-



Latest and most authentic styles in women's high-class, ready-to-wear—and priced the Cohn way—within the reach of those in ordinary circumstances. It's the way we've built such a tremendous business.



The Beautiful Plant

We are just completing gives us double the floor space as formerly used. It means better service, greater care of details and altogether satisfactory laundering to all patron

Only Softened and Filtered Water used.

TROY LAUNDRY, The Laundry of Quality
BOTH PHONES 192 166 MAIN STREET



GLOVES

GLOVES

Nelson Glove Co.

64 E. Third South.

Brook's Arcade

EXCLUSIVE GLOVE STORE

Try a pair of our own make next time you buy. They will please you. Automobile and Riding Gloves. Best line in the city.

FOWNES GLOVES

We have added to our stock a line of Fownes Celebrated Gloves for Ladies and Gentlemen. None better.

Gloves made to order. Cleaning and repairing.

ELECTRIC LIGHT

Is a good investment for any energetic business man intent on increasing his trade. Light attracts, and the brilliantly illuminated store, other things being equal, will do the business.

Tungsten Lamps

Make the brightest, safest, most efficient and convenient illuminant known. Show each piece of goods in its true color value.

Phone us today and get expert advice on illumination.

We sell Tungsten lamps AT REDUCED PRICES.

Utah Light & Railway Co.

"Electricity for Everything"